



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP...TOPS *in* THRILLS!



№17 MAY

# SPY-HUNTERS

AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES

*in* DARING ACTION...DEADLY INTRIGUE...GLAMOROUS ROMANCE!

10¢







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN

BE  
FIRST

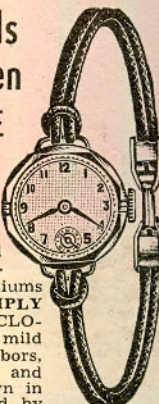
Boys - Girls  
Ladies - Men

WE ARE  
RELIABLE

OUR 57th YEAR

MAIL COUPON NOW

Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Dolls, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. We trust you. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. S-27, TYRONE, PA.



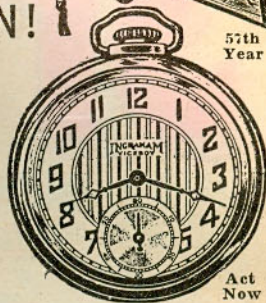
# PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN

WE ARE  
RELIABLE

BOYS - GIRLS!  
LADIES - MEN!

MAIL COUPON NOW

Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles with tube of shot, Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. 57th year. Mail coupon or write today. Be first. Act now. We trust you. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. R-27, TYRONE, PA.



# GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

BOYS  
GIRLS

LADIES  
MEN

# GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

Act  
Now

OUR 57th YEAR

# GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH



Boys - Girls! Genuine 22 cal. Rifles, Movie Machines, Electric Record Players (sent postage paid). Boys - Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Be first. Mail coupon or write today.

WILSON CHEM. CO.,  
Dept. T-27,  
TYRONE, PA.



Footballs, Baseballs, Billfolds, Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White Cloverine Brand SALVE easily sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us.

We are reliable. 57th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. V-27, Tyrone, Pa.



Our 57th Year  
Complete Cub Fishing Outfits, Basketball Sets, Telescopes (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relative at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 57th year. We trust you. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. W-27, Tyrone, Pa.

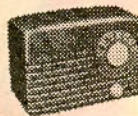
# GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

Ukuleles,  
Radios,  
Watches  
(sent postage  
paid). Other  
Premiums or

Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Act now. Write or mail coupon today.

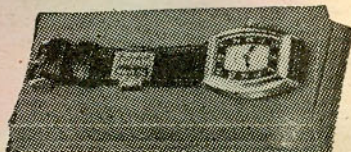
Our 57th year. Be first. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. Y-27, Tyrone, Pa.



MAIL COUPON NOW

# GIVEN-PREMIUMS-CASH

Boys - Girls - Ladies Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Wrist, Watches, Jewelry (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 57th year. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. Z-27, TYRONE, PA.



## MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 27-A, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....  
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name ..... Age.....  
St. .... RD..... Box.....  
Town ..... No..... State.....  
Print LAST  
Name Here  
Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW



WALLOWED STAUNCHLY INTO A

# FLARE-UP FLORIDA!



**MANAGUA SEATTLE  
MOSCOW DENVER  
TAHITI AZORES!  
FIJI SEOUL!**

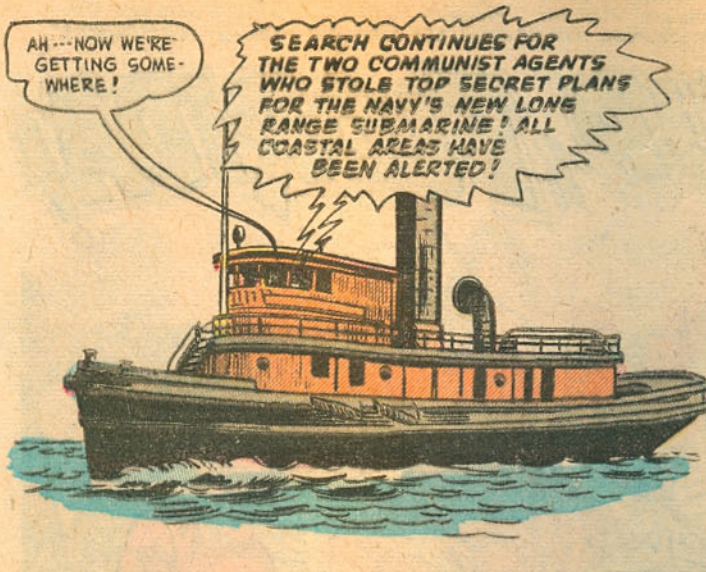
FOR THE LOVE  
OF PETE, POP  
--- WHAT'S  
THAT?

DURNED IF I  
KNOW, ANDY! I'M  
TRYING TO PICK  
UP SOME NEWS  
FLASHES!

YOU WON'T LEARN MUCH  
FROM THAT SHORT WAVE  
GEOGRAPHY LESSON! TRY  
MIAMI---ON THE REGULAR  
BROADCAST BAND!







AH---NOW WE'RE  
GETTING SOME-  
WHERE!

SEARCH CONTINUES FOR  
THE TWO COMMUNIST AGENTS  
WHO STOLE TOP SECRET PLANS  
FOR THE NAVY'S NEW LONG  
RANGE SUBMARINE! ALL  
COASTAL AREAS HAVE  
BEEN ALERTED!



ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER, HUH?  
IF IT ISN'T A FISHING  
SCHOONER READY TO  
SWAMP WITH TEN TONS  
OF MACKEREL, IT'S SPIES  
--AND IF IT ISN'T SPIES,  
IT'S--

WAIT A  
MINUTE, POP  
---THAT CABIN  
CRUISER'S  
RACING US  
TO THE  
WHARF!



AHOY! PULL  
THAT TUB OVER  
---I WANT TO  
TIE UP!

SORRY, HONEY---BUT  
THE *SEMINOLE'S*  
BEEN BERTHING HERE  
FOR THE PAST TWO  
YEARS!



THEN I'D SAY IT'S  
ABOUT TIME SOMEONE  
ELSE GOT A  
CHANCE!

GET CLEAR! POP  
---REVERSE  
PROPELLER!



**BLAM!**

**SPLASH!**



MY GOSH---  
WHY'D THAT  
HAVE TO  
HAPPEN TO  
ME?

NO HARM DONE,  
ANDY! THERE'S  
NOTHING WRONG  
WITH EITHER *HER*  
OR THE CRUISER  
THAT A DAB OF  
PAINT CAN'T  
FIX!



YOU BIG  
OAF---YOU  
**COULD**  
HELP ME  
OUT OF  
THE  
WATER!

NOT A CHANCE! I  
FIGURE ANYONE  
WHO HANDLES A  
BOAT LIKE *YOU*  
NEEDS ALL THE  
PRACTICE THEY  
CAN GET---  
**SWIMMING!**





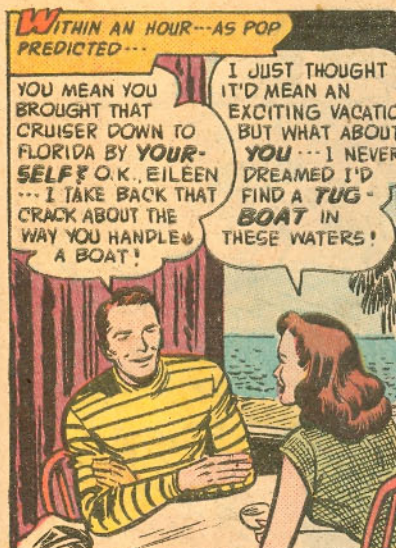
I JUST LOVE YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR!

HEY!



HEH-HEH! IF I KNOW ANDY GODDARD... THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP!

SPLASH



WITHIN AN HOUR...AS POP PREDICTED...

YOU MEAN YOU BROUGHT THAT CRUISER DOWN TO FLORIDA BY YOURSELF? O.K., EILEEN... I TAKE BACK THAT CRACK ABOUT THE WAY YOU HANDLE A BOAT!

I JUST THOUGHT IT'D MEAN AN EXCITING VACATION! BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU... I NEVER DREAMED I'D FIND A TUG-BOAT IN THESE WATERS!



NOPE...THERE ISN'T MUCH WORK FOR THE **SEMINOLE**...AND THAT'S WHY THERE'S JUST POP CARLSON AND MYSELF ABOARD! BUT EVERY SO OFTEN, A FIGHTING SCHOONER'LL RADIO THAT HER AUXILIARY ENGINE HAS CONKED OUT AROUND BIMINI...AND THEN WE GO OUT AND TOW HER IN!



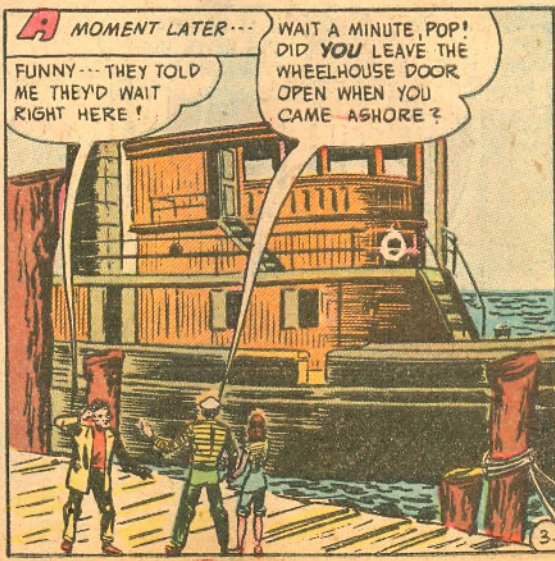
ANDY...THERE'S A COUPLE OF GUYS ON THE WHARF! WANT TO KNOW IF YOU'LL CHARTER THE BOAT FOR A DAY!

YEAH? ASK 'EM IF THEY DON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A PASSENGER CRAFT AND A TUGBOAT! BESIDES...I'M BUSY!



ANY DOPE CAN SEE THAT, ANDY... BUT THEY'RE OFFERING A THOUSAND DOLLARS!

WHAT? SOUNDS LIKE A GAG TO ME, EILEEN... BUT LET'S FIND OUT!

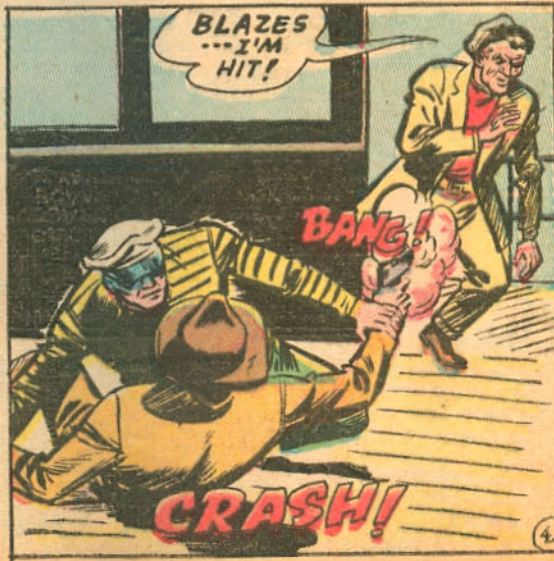


A MOMENT LATER...

FUNNY...THEY TOLD ME THEY'D WAIT RIGHT HERE!

WAIT A MINUTE, POP! DID YOU LEAVE THE WHEELHOUSE DOOR OPEN WHEN YOU CAME ASHORE?







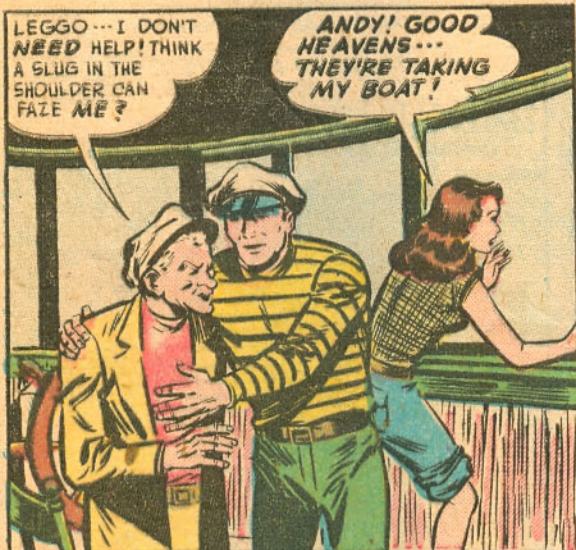


EILEEN  
...GIVE  
POD A  
HAND!



THE NEXT TIME I LOOK AT  
YOU SQUARES...IT'LL BE  
THROUGH THE SIGHTS OF  
A .30-.30 RIFLE!

POW!



LEGGO...I DON'T  
NEED HELP! THINK  
A SLUG IN THE  
SHOULDER CAN  
FAZE ME?

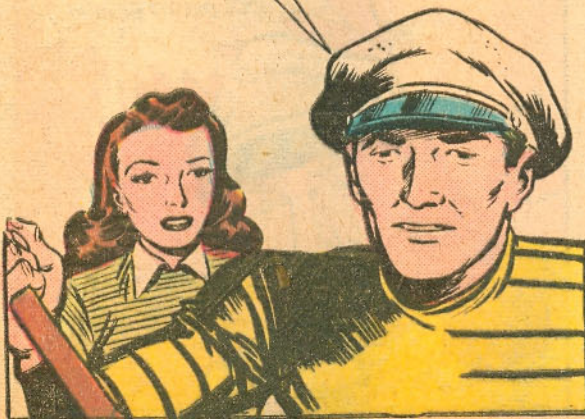
ANDY! GOOD  
HEAVENS...  
THEY'RE TAKING  
MY BOAT!



YEP...AND THEY'RE MAKING A  
GOOD THIRTY KNOTS! BEST WE  
CAN DO IS RADIO THE COAST  
GUARD...AND THEN TRY TO  
KEEP 'EM IN SIGHT!

BUT WHY  
WOULD THEY  
WANT TO GET AWAY,  
ANDY? WHO ARE  
THEY?

SMUGGLERS, PROBABLY...OR MAYBE GAMBLERS  
RUNNING OUT ON A BIG PAYOFF! AFTER ALL...  
WHO ELSE COULD AFFORD A THOUSAND BUCKS  
FOR A RIDE ON A TUGBOAT?



A HALF-HOUR LATER...

I THOUGHT I SAW A SPECK ON  
THE HORIZON, ANDY...BUT IT'S  
NO USE! THEY'RE OUT  
OF SIGHT!

THE SEMINOLE  
NEVER WAS A  
SPEEDBALL, HONEY!  
GUESS WE MIGHT  
AS WELL FIDDLE  
AROUND...AND SEE  
IF THE COAST GUARD  
ANSWERS OUR CQ!



EVERYTHING  
O.K., POP?

SURE---I'M STARTING  
TO HEAL **ALREADY!**  
JUST TURN ON THE  
RADIO, ANDY---AND  
LET'S GET THE NEWS  
BULLETINS!



**MANAGUA  
SEATTLE  
MOSCOW!  
DENVER  
TAHITI  
AZORES!**

THERE'S  
THAT  
CONARNED  
GEOGRAPHY  
LESSON  
AGAIN,  
ANDY!



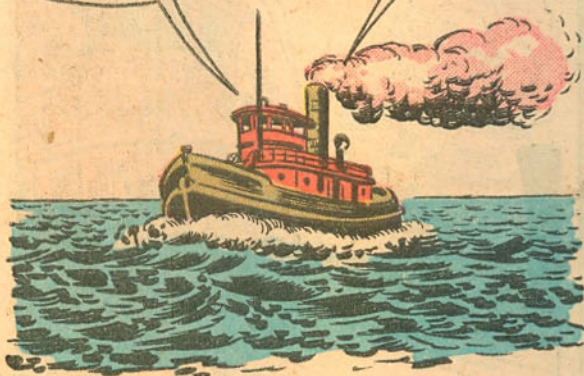
HOW COME? THE  
LAST TIME **WE**  
USED THE RECEIVER  
---YOU SWITCHED  
OVER TO **STANDARD  
BROADCAST**---  
REMEMBER?

CAESAR'S  
GHOST! IS  
**THAT** WHY  
THOSE TWO  
CHARACTERS  
CAME ABOARD  
---TO **MONKEY  
AROUND  
WITH THE  
RADIO?**



RIGHT! FIGURE IT OUT, POP---IF IT  
WAS JUST A **BOAT** THEY WANTED  
---THEY COULD HAVE TAKEN EILEEN'S  
CRUISER IN THE FIRST PLACE! BUT  
THERE'S JUST ONE VESSEL IN THESE  
WATERS WITH A POWERFUL RADIO  
---**OURS!**

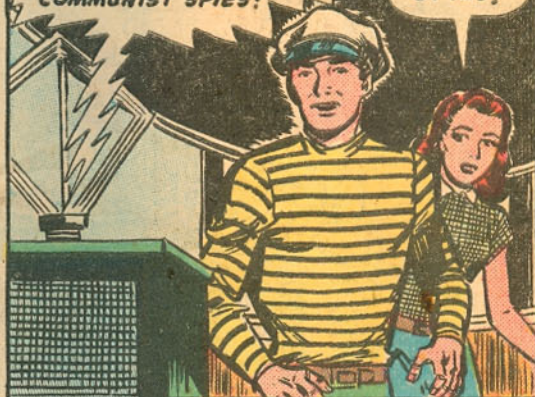
THEY MUST HAVE  
BEEN **EXPECTING**  
A MESSAGE, ANDY---  
**BUT WHAT  
ABOUT?**



*Then*---ON THE REGULAR BROADCAST BAND---

**DESPITE INTENSIFIED EFFORTS  
---LITTLE HOPE IS HELD FOR THE  
RECOVERY OF THE NAVAL PLANS  
STOLEN YESTERDAY BY TWO  
COMMUNIST SPIES!**

**SPIES!**



**HOLY HORSE  
MACKEREL---  
THE GEOGRAPHY  
LESSON! TURN  
IT ON AGAIN,  
ANDY---IT'S  
A CODE!**

AND WERE WE  
CHUMPS---NOT TO  
HAVE REALIZED IT  
**SOONER!**

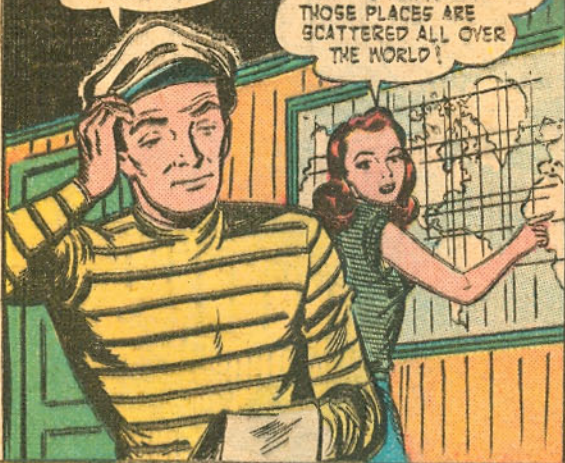


**MANAGUA SEATTLE  
MOSCOW! DENVER  
TAHITI AZORES! FIJI  
SEOUL! BOMBAY  
BERLIN CHICAGO  
MEXICO! MELBOURNE  
COLOMBO SAMOA!**





IT'S GOTTA MEAN SOMETHING. IT STILL SOUNDS LIKE A GEOGRAPHY LESSON TO ME! LOOK AT THE MAP, ANDY--- THOSE PLACES ARE SCATTERED ALL OVER THE WORLD!



THAT RULES OUT ANY GEOGRAPHICAL CONNECTION... BUT WAIT A MINUTE! THE WORLD IS DIVIDED INTO TIME ZONES---AND EACH ZONE IS DESIGNATED BY A LETTER!



LET'S START WITH MANAGUA---IN ZONE S! SEATTLE'S IN U--- AND MOSCOW'S S! THERE'S YOUR FIRST WORD, ANDY--- SUB!

SUB... TWO... MI... EAST... KEY!



THERE'S THE ANGLE, POP--- THEY'RE MEETING A SUBMARINE TWO MILES FROM EAST KEY! HOW ABOUT IT--- DO WE WAIT FOR THE COAST GUARD?

ARE YOU SUGGESTING WE'LL NEED HELP, SUB? NOTIFY 'EM... BUT LET'S GO!



SOON AFTERWARD---

THAT CABIN CRUISER WOULD NOT BE CIRCLING FOR AN HOUR, LIEUTENANT--- UNLESS IT KNEW WHERE TO FIND US!

PRECISELY, CAPTAIN! AND WHO COULD KNOW---EXCEPT THE MEN WHO UNDERSTAND THE CODE--- THE COMMUNIST AGENTS WE'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO PICK UP?



Then---RISING BLACK AND OMINOUS FROM THE DEPTHS---

THERE IS AN EXAMPLE OF COMMUNIST EFFICIENCY, COMRADE! NOT ONLY WILL A SUBMARINE PROVIDE A FOOLPROOF MEANS OF ESCAPE---BUT HER OFFICERS WILL HAVE AMPLE TIME TO STUDY THE PLANS OF THE AMERICAN SUBMARINE DURING THE VOYAGE!



EXCUSE THE DELAY IN SURFACING, COMRADES--- BUT WE HAD TO MAKE SURE YOU WEREN'T A SEARCH CRAFT! IS THERE ANY DANGER THAT YOU WERE FOLLOWED?

NOT THE SLIGHTEST! WE PICKED UP YOUR 18 MEGACYCLE TRANSMISSION ABOARD A TUGBOAT, AND DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO TUNE IT OUT--- BUT EVEN IF THOSE FOOLS DO SWITCH ON THEIR RADIO--- THEY'LL NEVER DECODE THE MESSAGE!





**A** MOMENT LATER...

THE SEMINOLE!  
IT'S MUCH TOO SLOW  
TO HAVE FOLLOWED  
US---THEY MUST  
HAVE CRACKED  
THE CODE!

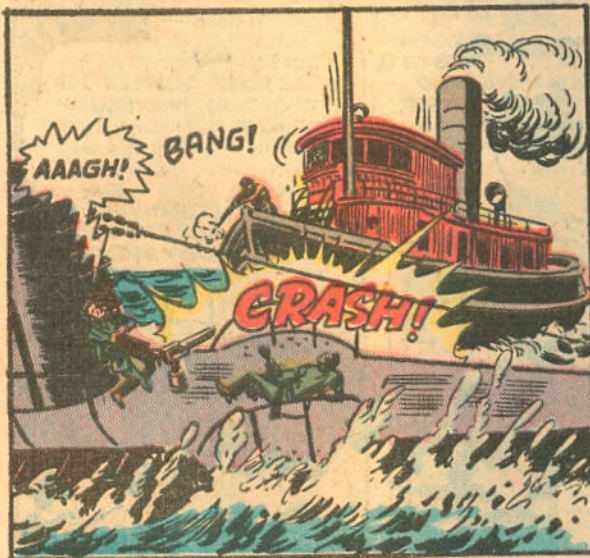
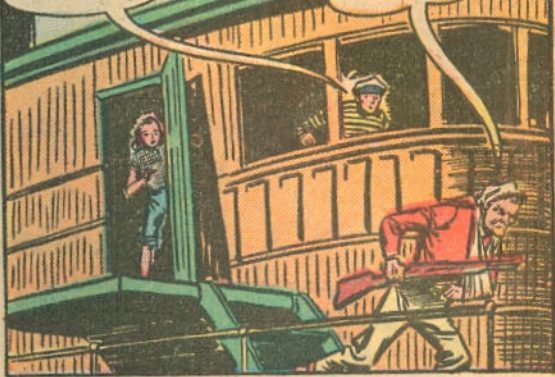
THEY'RE STUPIDER THAN I  
THOUGHT! A FEW HUNDRED  
ROUNDS OF HEAVY MACHINE  
GUN BULLETS IN THAT  
WOODEN HULL---AND  
THEY'LL SINK LIKE  
A PLUMMET!



**A**S THE SEMINOLE BEARS DOWN...

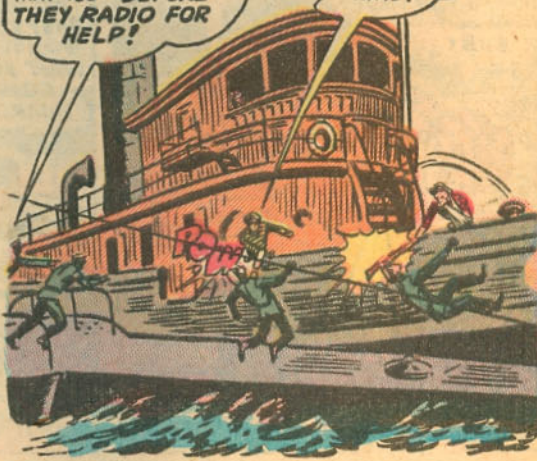
YE GODS, POP---YOU  
WANT YOUR HEAD  
BLOWN OFF? GET  
DOWN---I'M  
GOING TO  
RAM 'EM!

GO RIGHT TO IT, BUB---  
BUT I'VE GOT A  
PERSONAL GRUDGE  
AGAINST THE HIGH-  
BINDER WHO WINGED  
ME!



OUR BALLAST TANKS  
ARE SMASHED---WE  
CAN'T DIVE BOARD  
THAT TUG---BEFORE  
THEY RADIO FOR  
HELP!

I'M STILL CHOOSY  
ABOUT WHO GETS ON  
THE SEMINOLE,  
RATS!



**S**UDDENLY---

**BOOM!**

IT'S THE COAST GUARD  
CUTTER, POP---AND ARE  
THEY SOLID SENDERS  
WITH THOSE FOUR-  
INCH GUNS!

MAYBE IT'S A  
GOOD THING  
THEY TURNED UP!  
SO HELP ME---I  
WAS READY TO  
RAM THIS TIN  
CAN UNTIL SHE  
SCRAPED CORAL!



**L**ATER...

LIKE I SAY---IF IT ISN'T A SCHOONER  
IN DISTRESS, IT'S SPIES---AND IF IT  
ISN'T SPIES, IT'S---AW, SHUCKS! I  
KNEW IT'D BE THE BEGINNING  
OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP!



The END!  
(8)

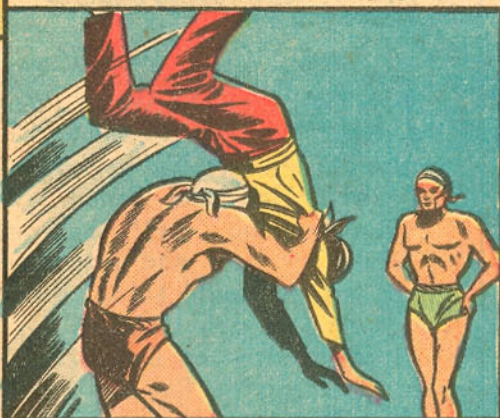


# ARMY of DEAD SPIES

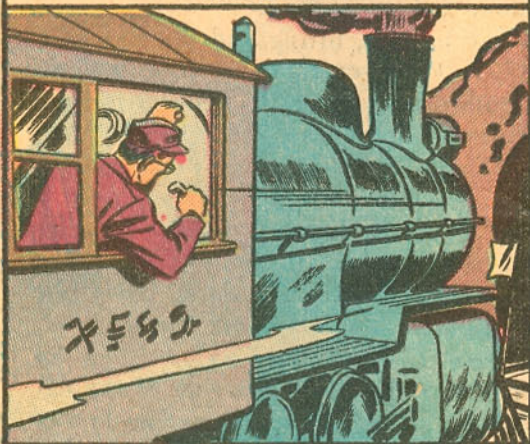
**KEMPEI TAI** WAS THE NAME OF JAPAN'S ARMY OF 25,000 SPIES DURING THE LAST WAR--AND EVERY ONE OF THESE SPIES BECAME OFFICIALLY DEAD THE MOMENT HE WAS RECRUITED INTO THE SPY NETWORK!

PRIVATE KOTO, YOUR FAMILY WILL BE TOLD THAT YOU HAVE DIED IN ACTION--AND YOU ARE NEVER TO SEE THEM AGAIN! YOUR NAME WILL BE CHANGED--AND AFTER FIVE YEARS OF RIGOROUS TRAINING, YOU WILL BECOME A **KEMPEI TAI AGENT**!

FOR 5 YEARS, EACH PROSPECTIVE SPY WAS SCHOOLED IN THE LANGUAGE, CUSTOMS, HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY OF THE FOREIGN COUNTRY HE WOULD BE SENT TO--AND AT LEAST THREE HOURS A DAY WERE SPENT IN THE PRACTICE OF THE FINE ART OF JIU-JITSU!



THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION WAS THOROUGH--AND EACH STUDENT WAS EVEN TAUGHT HOW TO OPERATE A LOCOMOTIVE IN CASE OF EMERGENCY!



WHEN THE FIVE YEARS WERE UP, THE SPY WAS SENT OUT ON HIS ESPIONAGE MISSION! AT ONE TIME, THERE WERE 600 AGENTS IN THE U.S., OPERATING THROUGH SUCH BUSINESS FRONTS AS THE YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK, THE MITSUBISHI COMPANY AND THE NYK LINES...



OTHER AGENTS TRAVELED WITH THE JAPANESE ARMIES--AND SO GREAT WAS THE POWER OF THE **KEMPEI TAI** THAT ANY OF ITS SECRET SERVICE MEN COULD EVEN ARREST A FULL GENERAL, IF THE EVIDENCE WARRANTED SUCH ACTION!



BUT WHEN JAPAN WAS FORCED TO SURRENDER TO THE ALLIES, THE SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF DEAD SPIES, JIRO LIMURA, WAS ORDERED TO DISBAND HIS ORGANIZATION--AND WAS FORCED TO READ A TEARFUL FINAL MESSAGE TO HIS THUGS...

YOU SHOULD OBEY THE IMPERIAL SURRENDER PRESCRIPT WITH ALL YOUR HEART! YOU SHOULD ENDURE AND CONQUER THE UN-BEARABLE PAINS AND HARD TRIALS AND SHOULD ACCOMPLISH YOUR DUTIES STEADILY AND FAITHFULLY! THE **KEMPEI TAI** IS DEAD!





# NOT ENOUGH ROPE

**I**N THE DARKNESS, on the misty dock, the enemy agent chuckled softly. At his feet, the government man he had felled and bound groaned.

"You spying rat!" he gasped.

The other bent and inspected the cords. They would hold. He kicked the government man again.

"I will leave you here," the agent said tonelessly. "But I will be back. And my last act will be to put a bullet through your brain. I can't risk the noise now. But later..." He patted the rucksack that hung on his back. "You will be grateful to me, my friend, where you are going. For you will be spared the agony of seeing a ship of your government's destroyed, blown up, its cargo intended for your fighting armies utterly annihilated!"

The guard's eyes were open now. He fixed the enemy agent with a peculiar stare. Could it be mocking laughter? The saboteur kicked him in anger.

Then, a few steps and he was at the great stern mooring hawser that tied the ship to the dock. Before him the ship loomed, almost invisible in the misty murk. It was the work of only a few minutes to swing himself like a monkey up and along its length. Noiselessly he dropped over the railing, sprang toward a dark hatchway.

He burrowed down through the silent hull, judging his distance along empty corridors. He knew there could be no hitch now. The crew was mainly ashore. And an expert such as he knew precisely where to place the time bomb in his rucksack in the cargo area of a ship loaded to the marks with munitions and guns. An instant later he paused, placing the rucksack on the steel floor of the corridor, beneath which he knew

lay the cargo hold. A touch on a switch and he was racing back. Behind him the time-bomb clicked on, fifteen minutes short of explosion time.

At the hatchway he stumbled. He got up quickly, hearing the sudden pattering of countless tiny feet. Rats! Then he saw them, scurrying across the deck, pouring from ventilators, portholes, bulkhead doors. He found time to grin. Like himself, the rats were deserting the ship, guided by that mysterious instinct which seemed to tell them beforehand the advent of doom. The grin lasted only a second. Then he was at the hawser, biting and fighting with the rest to scurry down it to safety. Breathlessly he slid down past the squirming hordes.

"Ahhhh!" A giant gray rat had bit him. He twisted in agony, hanging from the hawser by his free hand. Beneath him the ship, in its endless sway and surge was nearing the dock. The rat, maddened, struck again. He dropped, plummeted into the water. As he went down he heard the roar of the explosion. Then the ship crushed him against the greasy piling of the dock.

On the dock the government guard breathed easier. A few minutes more and his relief man would discover him. The explosion hadn't bothered him. He'd known it would stove in only a few bulkheads. After all, there was nothing for the bomb to explode besides itself. The enemy agent, blinded by the mist, didn't know that the ammunition ship had already sailed, that an empty hull, waiting to be loaded had taken its place.

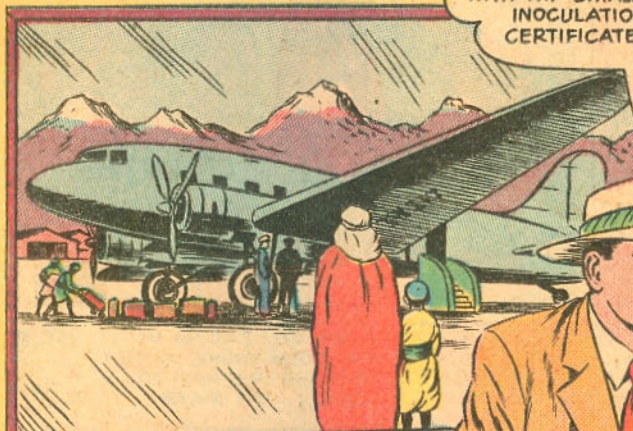
The guard smiled. He'd also known all along that he could depend on rats, human or otherwise. They had a way of killing each other.



# MAULING in MOROCCO

ANYTHING WRONG WITH MY SMALLPOX INOCULATION CERTIFICATE?

NOT AT ALL, MR. GORDON! I WAS MERELY THINKING THAT WITHOUT IT -- YOU MIGHT NOT LEAVE MOROCCO ALIVE!



NORTH AFRICA IS THE VITAL PIVOT OF EUROPEAN DEFENSE -- AND THAT EXPLAINS WHY MOROCCO IS MORE THAN EVER THE SPAWNING GROUND OF INTRIGUE AND ESPIONAGE! **BARRY GORDON** FINDS HIMSELF IN THE THICK OF IT WHEN HE MEETS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHOSE FATE IS CLOSING IN LIKE AN EXECUTIONER'S AXE -- AND A TRIBE OF DESERT FIGHTERS WHO HAVE BEEN EARMARKED FOR DEATH!



THREE DAYS AGO, TWO MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS SHOT THEIR WAY INTO THE PRISON HOSPITAL -- AND RELEASED A CRIMINAL WHO WAS BEING TREATED FOR **SMALLPOX**! HE HAD NEARLY RECOVERED -- BUT HE CAN **STILL** TRANSMIT THE DISEASE TO ANYONE WHO HADN'T BEEN INOCULATED!

GUESS I'M LUCKY I'LL BE LEAVING FOR THE INTERIOR IN THE MORNING! THE U.S. IS BUILDING FIVE BOMBER BASES IN MOROCCO -- AND MY JOB IS TO RECRUIT SEVERAL HUNDRED LABORERS AMONG THE **MEKNESI TRIBE**!

THAT WILL NOT BE EASY, MR. GORDON! THE MEKNESI ARE A PROUD AND SUSPICIOUS PEOPLE -- AND THEY RESENT INTRUSION ON THEIR TERRITORY! YOU MUST BE CAREFUL NOT TO AROUSE THEM!

WHATEVER'S BEHIND THAT PRISON HOSPITAL BREAK -- IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD! IN A COUNTRY **THIS** PRIMITIVE, AN EPIDEMIC CAN SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE!





THAT NIGHT-- AT  
A HOTEL BAR--

WOW! THAT'S DEFINITELY  
MY CUP OF TEA-- AND  
HEAVY ON THE SUGAR!

I STILL  
THINK  
MOROCCO  
HAS A  
GREAT  
FUTURE.  
DUMONT!

BAH! THIS COUNTRY IS CURSED  
WITH PEOPLE LIKE THE MEKNESI--  
TOO LAZY TO WORK-- TOO  
STUPID TO LEARN!



FOREIGN DOG! DO YOU  
THINK YOU CAN INSULT  
MY PEOPLE?

TAKE IT  
EASY,  
HONEY!

LET ME GO! ZARINA WILL  
SHOW THEM THERE IS ONE  
THING THE MEKNESI LEARN  
EASILY-- TO HATE!



A MOMENT LATER--

O.K., COOL  
OFF-- THEY'VE  
LEFT! IF ALL  
THE MEKNESI  
ARE LIKE YOU,  
ZARINA-- I  
CAN SEE  
WHAT I'M  
GOING TO  
BE UP  
AGAINST!

I SUPPOSE  
I SHOCKED  
YOU-- MAKING A  
SCENE! BUT  
WE MEKNESI  
HAVE NEVER  
REMAINED IN  
ONE SPOT LONG  
ENOUGH TO  
LEARN SOCIAL  
GRACES-- LIKE  
THE ART OF  
IGNORING  
INSULTS!

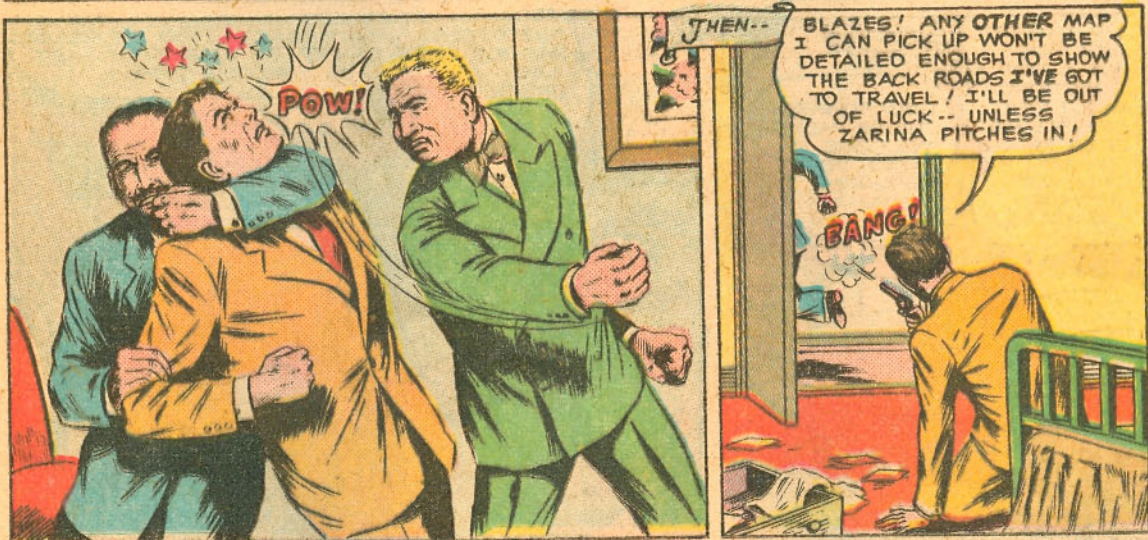
ARE  
YOU  
GOING  
SOME-  
WHERE?  
CAN'T  
WE  
TALK  
FOR A  
WHILE?

SURE! I'LL BE RIGHT  
BACK-- I JUST  
REMEMBERED  
THERE'S SOME-  
THING YOU CAN  
DO FOR ME!

I'VE GOT A DETAILED MAP OF  
WESTERN MOROCCO -- BUT CON-  
SIDERING THAT THE MEKNESI ARE  
NOMADS--IT'LL SAVE A LOT OF  
SEARCHING IF ZARINA CAN  
SHOW ME WHERE THEY'RE  
CAMPING NOW!











YOU'VE GOT A FEVER THAT'S WAY UP, KID! BETTER LET ME SEE YOU HOME!

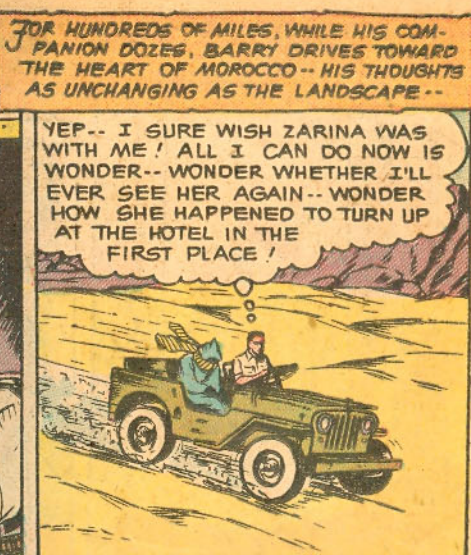
NO-- IT'S NOTHING! REMEMBER THIS IS MOROCCO--YOU WOULD FIND IT DANGEROUS TO BE SEEN WITH A NATIVE WOMAN!



NEXT MORNING--

IT IS AS ZARINA TOLD YOU! I KNOW EVERY CAMEL TRAIL FOLLOWED BY THE MEKNESE-- I CAN BE USEFUL!

OKAY, CHUM-- YOU'VE GOT A JOB!



FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES, WHILE HIS COMPANION DOZES, BARRY DRIVES TOWARD THE HEART OF MOROCCO-- HIS THOUGHTS AS UNCHANGING AS THE LANDSCAPE--

YEP-- I SURE WISH ZARINA WAS WITH ME! ALL I CAN DO NOW IS WONDER-- WONDER WHETHER I'LL EVER SEE HER AGAIN-- WONDER HOW SHE HAPPENED TO TURN UP AT THE HOTEL IN THE FIRST PLACE!



I'D LIKE TO ASK THIS GUY A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT HER-- BUT ALL HE DOES IS GRUNT DIRECTIONS BETWEEN CAT NAPS!

TURN TOWARD THOSE PALMS-- WE COME SOON TO MEKNESE CAMP!



MINUTES LATER--

THE DESERT HAS BUT ONE LAW-- AN UNBIDDEN STRANGER IS AN ENEMY!

WAIT, ISMET! TWO TRAVELERS CANNOT BE DANGEROUS-- LET US WELCOME THEM!



I AM SHEIK HOSEIN! WHAT BRINGS YOU AMONG THE MEKNESE?

THIS LETTER FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNOR WILL EXPLAIN MY MISSION! I'M BARRY GORDON-- A CIVILIAN CONSULTANT FOR THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE!



IT IS WRITTEN FROM RABAT THAT AIRFIELDS WILL BE BUILT-- THAT YOU NEED WORKMEN! I MUST ASSEMBLE THE ELDERS OF THE TRIBE-- THEY WILL DECIDE!



OUR FATHER THE SHEIK IS OLD, ISMET -- IT MATTERS LITTLE TO HIM IF STRANGERS INVADE OUR TRIBAL LANDS! BUT SUPPOSE THESE PLANES ARE TURNED AGAINST OUR PEOPLE?

IF THE AMERICAN IS TO BE TRUSTED-- WHY MUST THE FACE OF HIS GUIDE BE HIDDEN? I AM A MEKNESI-- I TAKE NO MAN ON FAITH-- LET US LEARN WHO HE IS!

I SHOW NO FRIENDSHIP-- UNTIL YOU SHOW YOUR FACE!

THEN-- AS THE MEKNESI LEAP BACK--

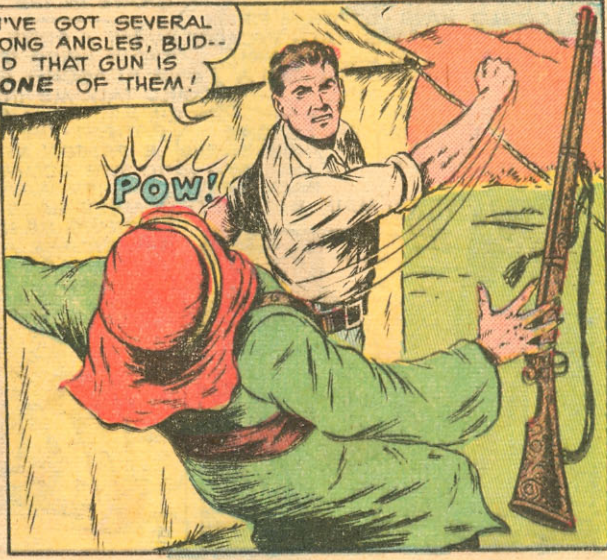
YE GODS-- SMALLPOX!



WE CLASPED HIS HAND-- TEN OF US-- AND BY THAT WE ARE DOOMED!

THERE IS HOW THE AMERICAN PLANS TO BUILD AIRFIELDS ON MEKNESI LAND-- BY KILLING US OFF!

YOU'VE GOT SEVERAL WRONG ANGLES, BUD-- AND THAT GUN IS ONE OF THEM!



WITH THE ENTIRE CAMP AROUSED--

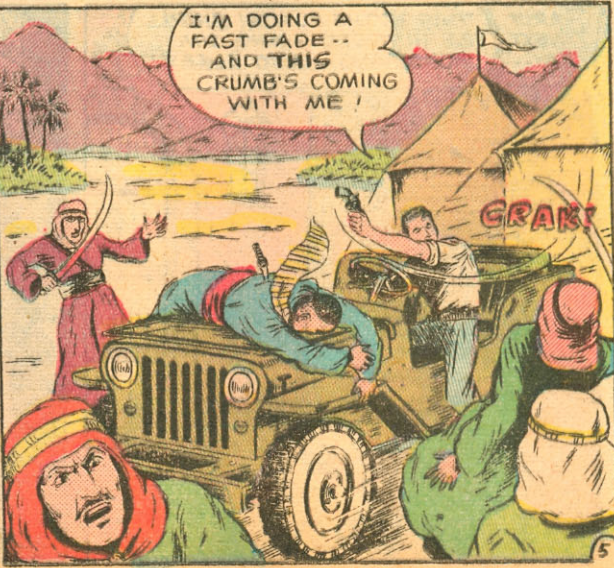
HACK THEM TO PIECES! LET THE JACKALS FIGHT OVER THEIR BONES!

DOG OF POLLUTION-- THIS WILL REPAY YOU!

ARGHHH!



I'M DOING A FAST FADE-- AND THIS CRUMB'S COMING WITH ME!



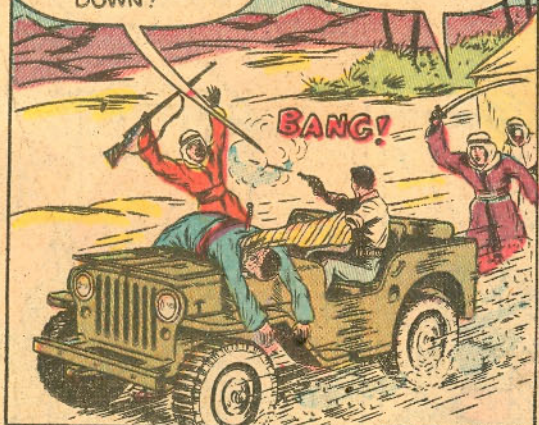


HATE TO USE GUNPLAY  
AFTER WHAT HAPPENED--  
BUT IT'S THE ONLY  
WAY TO SLOW 'EM  
DOWN!

MEKNESI--WE  
MAY BE DOUBLY  
CURSED IF THEY  
ESCAPE!

AN AMERICAN!...  
ONE OF THOSE WE  
WERE TAUGHT  
BROUGHT HOPE  
AND SECURITY  
TO THE WORLD!

WHAT HOPE IS THERE NOW  
FOR THE MEKNESI? WE  
WILL ALL BE STRICKEN  
BEFORE WE CAN REACH THE  
DOCTORS IN RABAT! YOUNG  
AND OLD--WE WILL DIE!



SEVERAL MILES BEYOND--

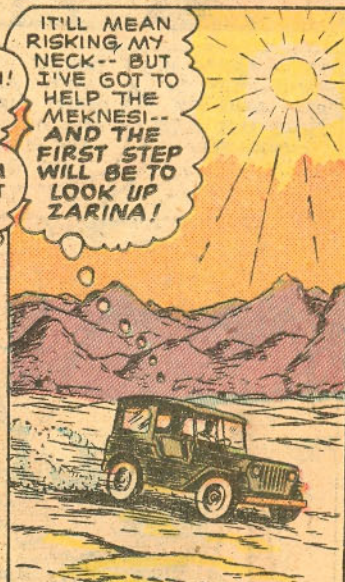
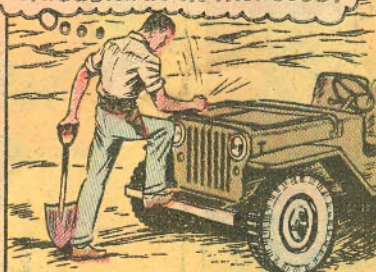
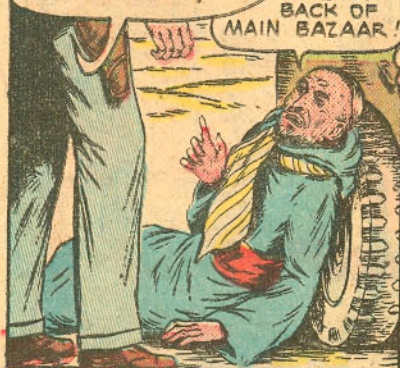
I COULD HAVE LET THEM FINISH  
OFF YOUR CARCASS, RAT-- BECAUSE  
YOU'RE GOING TO DIE ANYWAY!  
BUT I WANTED TO GIVE YOU A  
CHANCE TO GET ONE  
THING OFF YOUR  
CRUMMY CONSCIENCE--  
WHERE DO I  
FIND ZARINA?

STONE  
HOUSE-- RUE  
LYAUTEY--  
BACK OF  
MAIN BAZAAR!

THEN-- AFTER DIGGING A LONELY  
GRAVE IN THE DESERT SANDS--

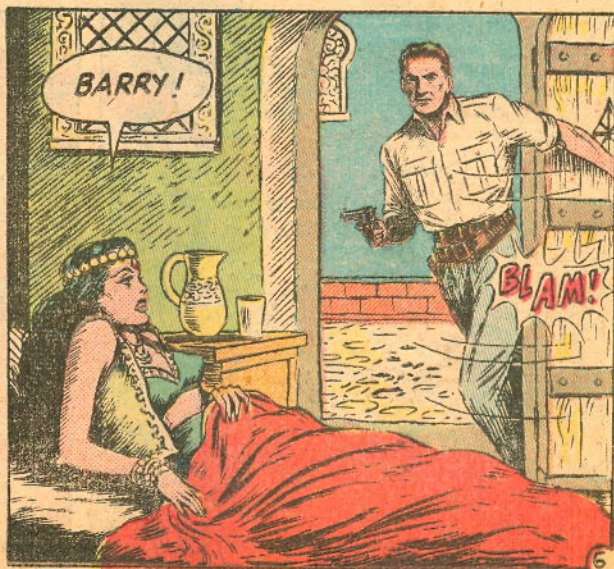
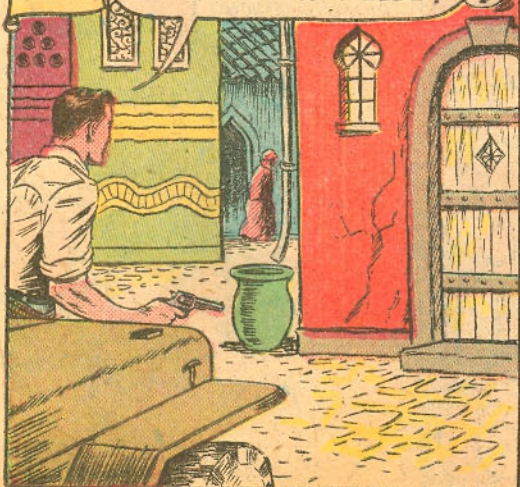
WHAT A PRIZE CHUMP I'VE BEEN!  
THOSE SPIES STOLE MY MAP FOR  
ONE REASON-- SO THAT ZARINA  
COULD TALK ME INTO HIRING THIS  
CHARACTER-- A SMALLPOX  
PATIENT THEY RELEASED FROM  
A PRISON HOSPITAL! LEAVE IT  
TO THE COMMUNISTS TO FIND A  
SUREFIRE WAY TO CRIMP THAT  
BOMBER BASE PROJECT -- BY  
STIRRING UP HATRED FOR  
AMERICANS AMONG EVERY  
TRIBESMAN IN MOROCCO!

IT'LL MEAN  
RISKING MY  
NECK-- BUT  
I'VE GOT TO  
HELP THE  
MEKNESI--  
AND THE  
FIRST STEP  
WILL BE TO  
LOOK UP  
ZARINA!



EARLY  
NEXT  
DAY--

THIS IS THE PLACE! SHE'LL  
BE IN THERE-- AND I'M  
WONDERING-- WHO ELSE?





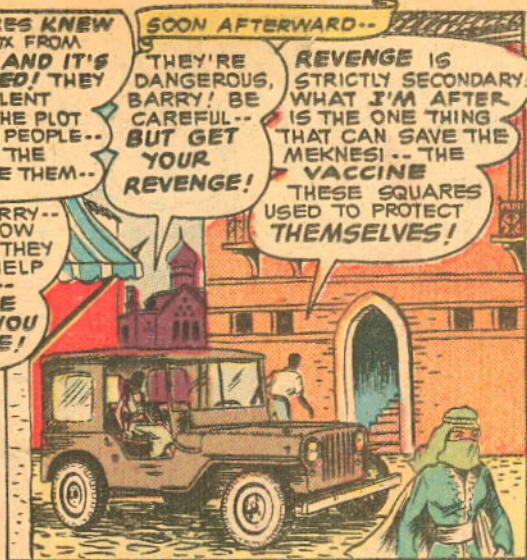


YOU KNOW, BARRY-- YOU'VE LEARNED I'M WORKING WITH THOSE SPIES! BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER-- I'VE CAUGHT SOME KIND OF TERRIBLE SICKNESS-- AND I'M DYING!

YOU'VE GOT SMALLPOX, TOO! GREAT GUNS-- DIDN'T THOSE RATS EXPLAIN WHY THEY WANTED YOU TO SELL ME THE IDEA OF A GUIDE-- DIDN'T THEY INOCULATE YOU?

THOSE HEARTLESS VULTURES KNEW YOU'D CONTRACT SMALLPOX FROM THAT SO-CALLED GUIDE-- AND IT'S JUST WHAT THEY WANTED! THEY WERE AFRAID YOU'D RELENT WHEN YOU LEARNED OF THE PLOT TO WIPE OUT YOUR OWN PEOPLE-- THEY WERE HAUNTED BY THE POSSIBILITY YOU'D EXPOSE THEM-- SO THEY DECIDED TO KILL YOU!

BARRY-- I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE! HELP ME UP-- LET ME TAKE YOU THERE!



SOON AFTERWARD-- THEY'RE DANGEROUS, BARRY! BE CAREFUL-- BUT GET YOUR REVENGE!

REVENGE IS STRICTLY SECONDARY! WHAT I'M AFTER IS THE ONE THING THAT CAN SAVE THE MEKNESI-- THE VACCINE THESE SQUARES USED TO PROTECT THEMSELVES!



A MOMENT LATER--

WHY WOULD THAT JEEP PARK HERE-- WHO'S INSIDE?

I THINK IT'S A WOMAN-- BUT I CAN'T MAKE OUT HER FACE!



THINK YOU'LL HAVE ANY TROUBLE RECOGNIZING ME, RATS?

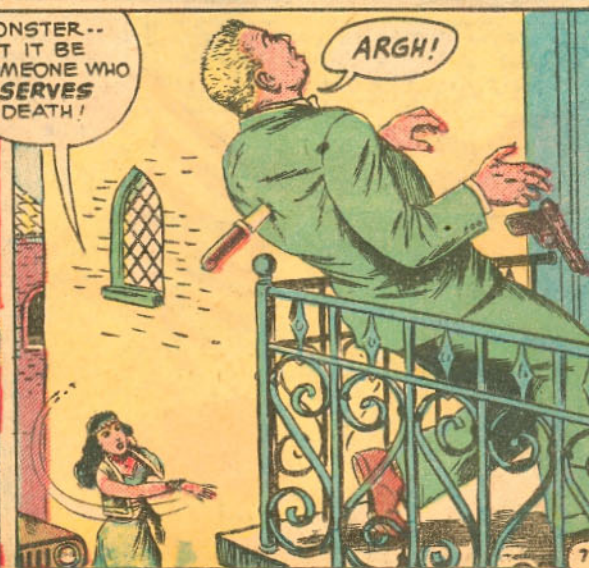
POW!



BARRY GORDON! HE SUSPECTS SOMETHING-- AND THAT'S AS GOOD AS A DEATH WARRANT!

POW!

BANG!



MONSTER-- LET IT BE SOMEONE WHO DESERVES DEATH!

ARGH!



I CAN PHONE EITHER THE POLICE OR A HOSPITAL, CRUMBS-- YOU DECIDE! YOU'VE GOT SMALLPOX VACCINE-- WHERE IS IT?

TWENTY VIALS-- OVER THERE-- IN THE TABLE DRAWER!

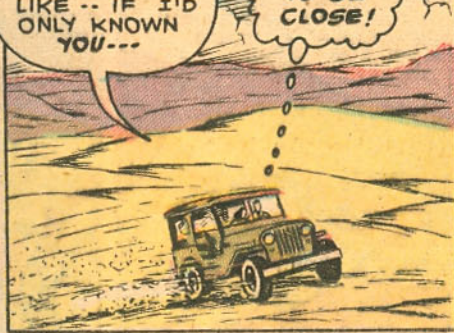
I'VE GOT IT, ZARINA-- AND YOU'RE GETTING THE FIRST SHOT!

IT WOULD BE WASTED, BARRY-- NOTHING CAN SAVE ME NOW! THE MEKNESE WILL NEED EVERY DROP-- AND I'M GOING TO HOLD ON-- I'M GOING TO TRY TO LIVE-- UNTIL WE REACH THEM!

HOURS PASS-- MARKED BY THE HISS OF WHEELS SPEEDING OVER THE FIERY SAND-- AND THE VOICE OF A GIRL FIGHTING TO STAVE OFF DEATH--

THEY TOLD ME IT WOULD BE PATRIOTIC TO HELP THEM, BARRY! IF I'D ONLY KNOWN SOONER WHAT COMMUNISM IS LIKE-- IF I'D ONLY KNOWN YOU--

20 MILES TO GO-- SHE'S FIGHTING HARD-- BUT IT'S GOING TO BE CLOSE!



MINUTES LATER--

THE JEEP-- THE JEEP! THE AMERICAN IS COMING BACK!

MY EYES ARE DIM WITH FEVER, ISMET! TAKE IT-- AND AIM WELL!



BARRY-- SAVE THEM! WE'RE IN TIME, BABY! I GIVE YOU MY WORD-- THEY'LL LIVE!

NEXT DAY-- AT A BURIAL MOUND SOON TO BE COVERED BY DRIFTING SAND--

TO YOU SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN-- TO US-- A TRUE MEKNESE! TELL ME AGAIN WHAT SHE DID, MY FRIEND-- BEFORE I BID HER FAREWELL!

SHE WAS DYING, HOSEIN-- BUT SHE WOULD NOT LET HER PEOPLE DIE! SHE KNEW WHERE TO GET THE VACCINE-- AT A HOUSE SOMEWHERE IN RABAT-- OCCUPIED BY TWO STRANGERS WHOSE NAMES I NEVER LEARNED!



The End



For STARTLING  
SUPERNATURAL STORIES...

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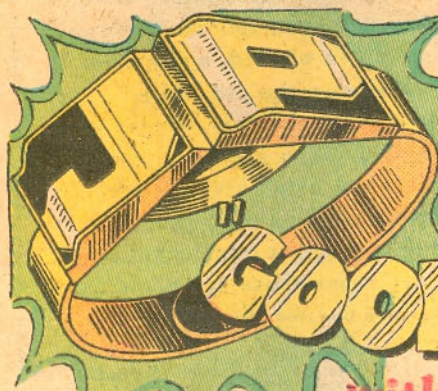
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(PLEASE PRINT)

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# Blind RATS

"I TELL YOU, I don't like it, Rhogom. How can we be sure that blind man isn't an American counter-espionage agent? Why did he pick a spot right across the street from this house to stand and sell his stupid pencils?"

"Don't be a fool, Ivor. Don't you think I thought of that possibility and checked on him? The day after he took up his post there across the street, I went over to buy a few pencils...and carefully examined his eyes. Believe me, they're absolutely sightless. He doesn't wear dark glasses, and his eyes are always open, revealing nothing but white, opaque films over his eyeballs. If I've ever seen a blind man, he's one...and although the Americans may hire dumb intelligence operatives, they would never hire a blind one!"

"Just the same, I'd feel safer if he weren't there," Ivor said, staring suspiciously through the curtained windows at the old blind man standing across the street. "And with Harnosh coming here tonight to give us the secret plans for our new spy network, we shouldn't take any chances. As soon as it gets dark, I'll take the car out and drive up to the blind fool, slit his throat, dump him in the car and drive out to..."

"Idiot!" Rhogom shouted. "Do you wish to spoil all our carefully-laid plans? If the

driver of a passing car saw you, we'd be finished! The old man is totally blind, I tell you...forget him! Start packing our bags...as soon as Harnosh comes with the plans and the list of all the agents we have to contact, we'll leave immediately!"

Grudgingly, Ivor left the window to obey his superior's orders.

Three hours later, shortly after dusk, the two spies opened the door of the house in response to three short knocks and two long ones...and Harnosh hurried in, a worried frown on his face. "I hesitated about coming in when I noticed an old blind beggar standing across the street. Did you check on him...are you sure he's not a secret service agent?"

Rhogom laughed. "Of course I checked on him, Harnosh...and I assure you he's utterly blind and harmless..."

"You're the blind ones, rats!" a voice called out grimly from the doorway.

The three spies whirled, and gasped in unison as they saw the old "blind" beggar standing in the doorway, aiming a revolver at them. "You should have recognized those white skins over my eyeballs as being the white skins of eggs...and they were opaque to you, but translucent to me! And now...let's have those spy plans...you won't have any use for them where you're going!"

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183 St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. The owner is (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given. Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81 Street, New York, N. Y.; Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

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(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1951.

Nat. C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1953)



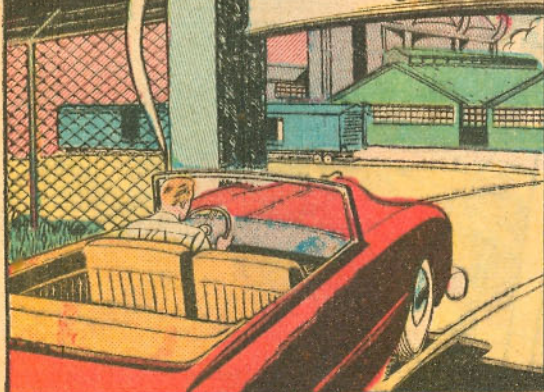
# ONE Against DEATH



**S**TEVE RODNEY DIDN'T WANT A FIGHT WITH ANYBODY... BUT THAT WAS BEFORE A STRANGE FLUKE GOT HIM NECK DEEP IN A COMMUNIST PLOT! THEN HE WAS UP AGAINST A SAVAGE FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL... THE KIND OF HARD-HITTING COUNTER-ATTACK AN AMERICAN CAN WAGE WHEN HE FINDS HIMSELF MARKED FOR DEATH!

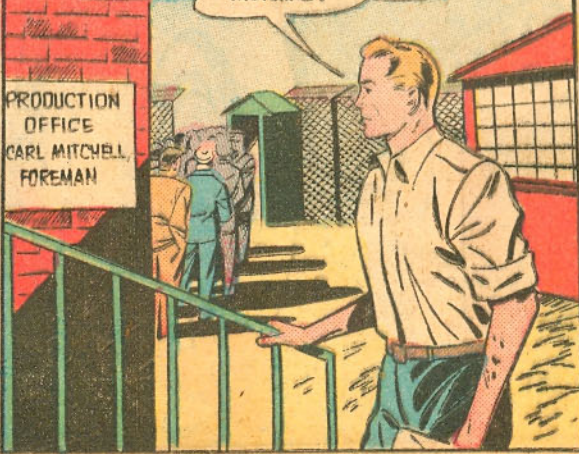
HOPE I HAVEN'T REACHED THE EMPIRE STEEL PLANT TOO LATE... I WAS COUNTING ON SEEING THE FOREMAN TODAY!

**EMPIRE STEEL CORP.**

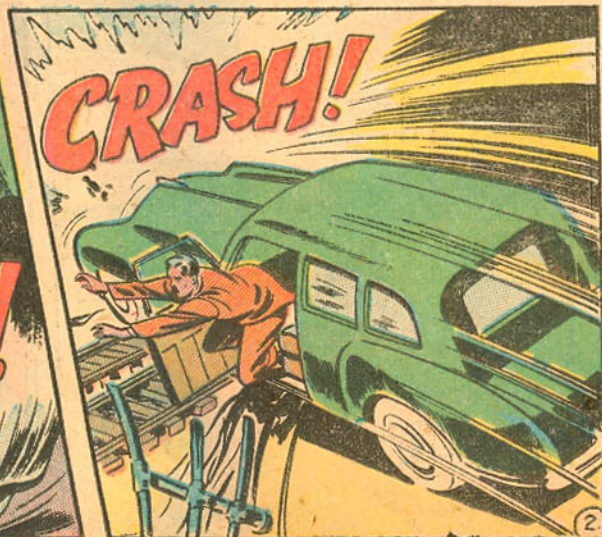
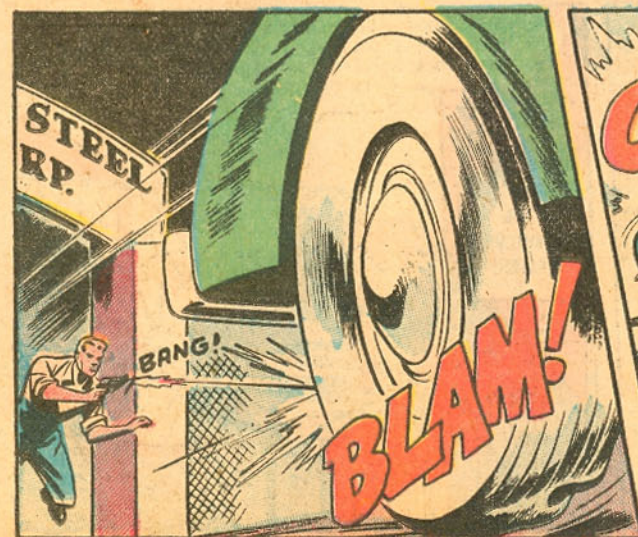


LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE'S QUITTING... BUT IF I CAN TELL MITCHELL WHAT I NEED NOW... I CAN BE BACK ON THE JOB BY MORNING!

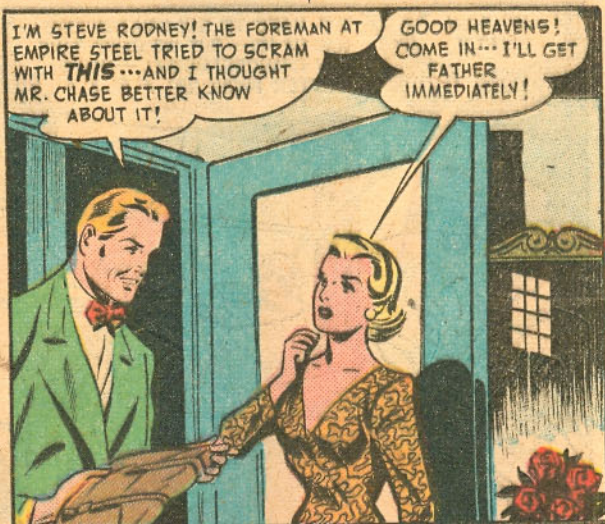
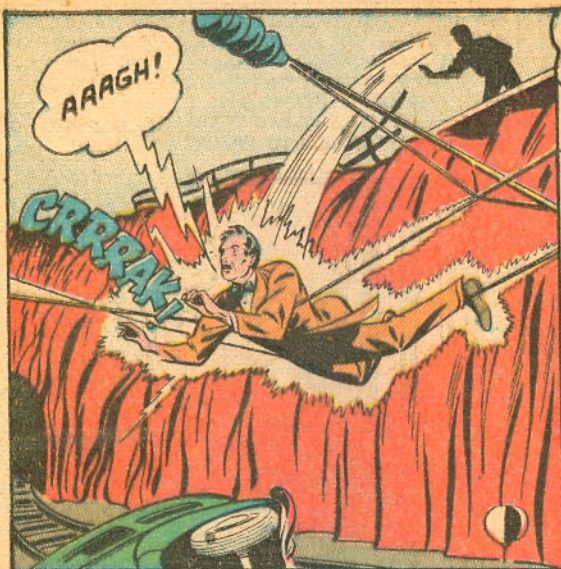
PRODUCTION OFFICE  
CARL MITCHELL  
FOREMAN



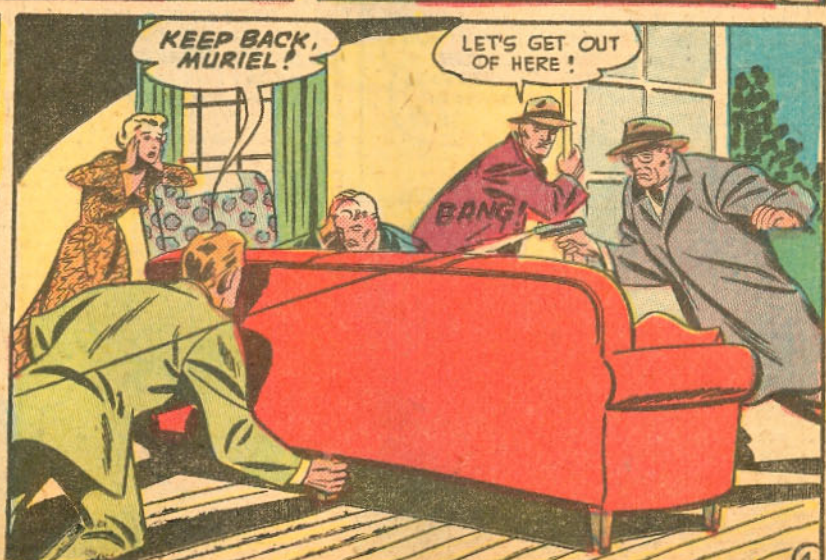
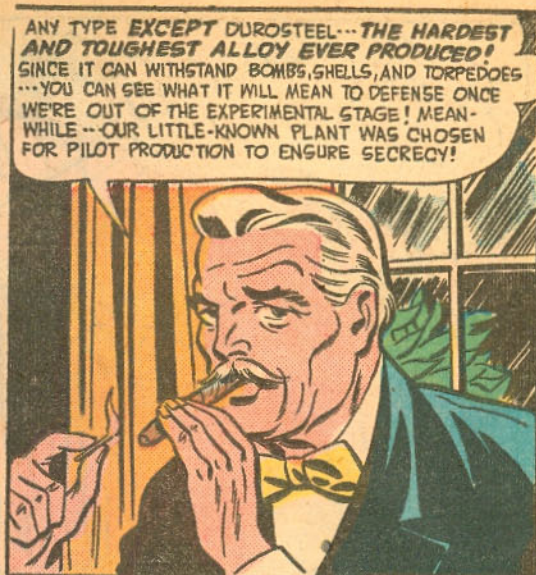
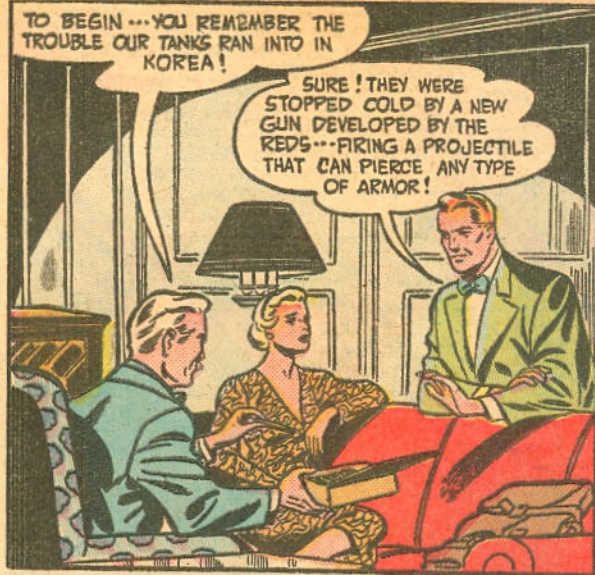




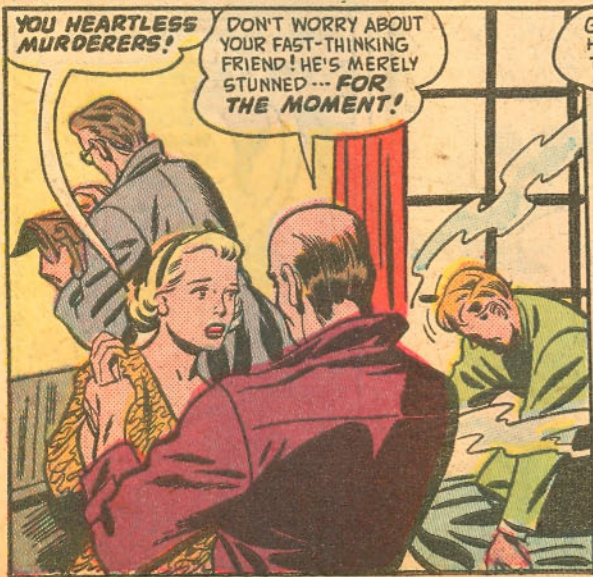
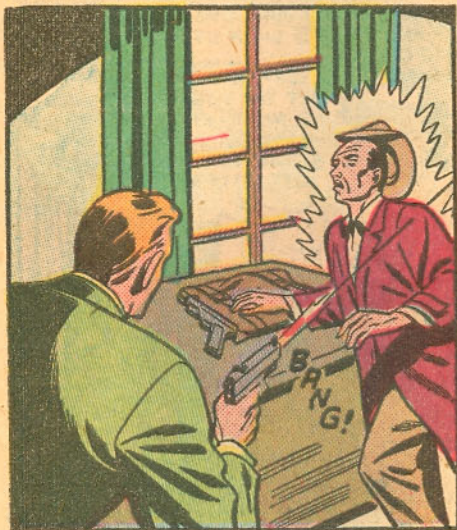
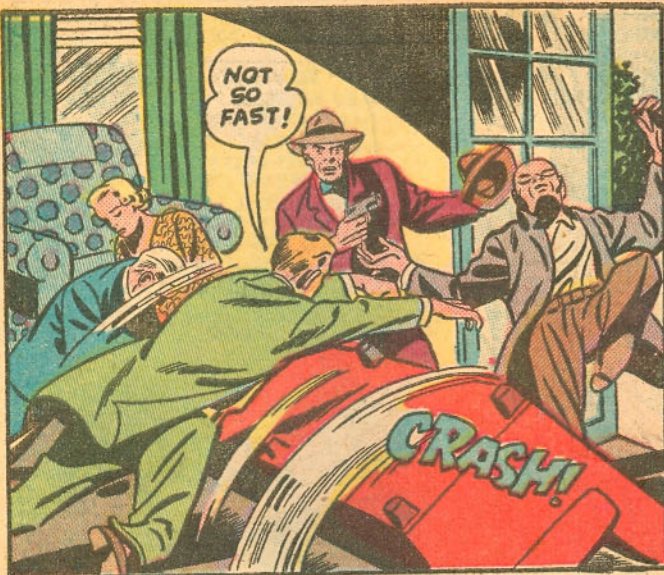








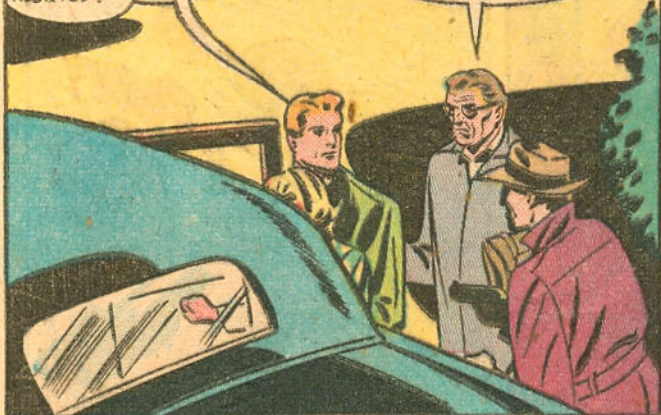






O.K....YOU'VE GOT THE DUROSTEEL! BUT DO YOU REALIZE HOW TOUGH IT'S GOING TO BE TO HIDE A FIFTY-POUND INGOT...ONCE EVERY COP AND FEDERAL AGENT IN THE COUNTRY HAS BEEN ALERTED?

AND WHAT ABOUT A FEW OUNCES OF POWDERED DUROSTEEL...JUST ENOUGH FOR ANALYSIS BY SOVIET SCIENTISTS?



THAT'S QUITE AN ASSIGNMENT, BUSTER... WHEN'D YOU FIGURE OUT THE METHOD?

TONIGHT...WHEN WE SEARCHED MITCHELL'S DESK TO SEE IF HE'D LEFT ANY PAPERS! ISN'T THIS YOUR CARD, RODNEY...DOESN'T YOUR COMPANY OPERATE ROCK-CRUSHING EQUIPMENT? DUROSTEEL WAS MADE TO RESIST IMPACT...BUT A TWENTY-TON MACHINE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE PULVERIZING IT!



SOON AFTERWARD...



YOU'RE GOING TO DO JUST ONE THING, RODNEY...AND THAT'S SHOW US THE SWITCH TO OPERATE THE CRUSHER!

YEP...AND THEN WE GET THE BUSINESS! THERE'S NO WAY TO STALL THESE RATE...I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING WITHIN THE NEXT SIXTY SECONDS!



A MOMENT LATER...

COME HERE, BUD! THE CRUSHER NEEDS TWO SWITCHES CLOSED AT THE SAME TIME...AND I CAN'T REACH BOTH OF 'EM!

JUST IN CASE YOU'RE PLANNING SOMETHING SMART...WE'LL LET THE GIRL DO IT!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS COUNTING ON, RAT!



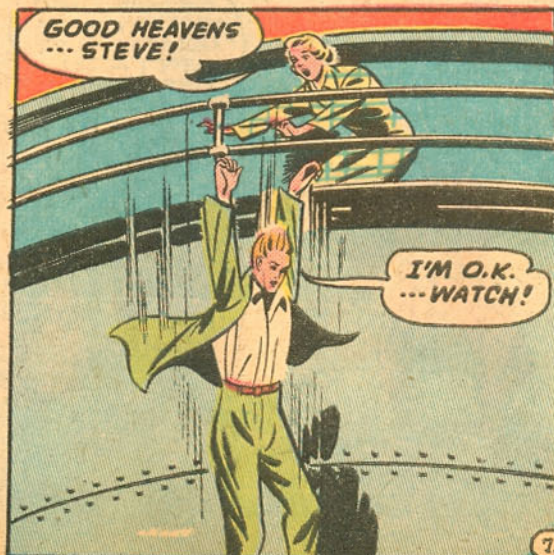
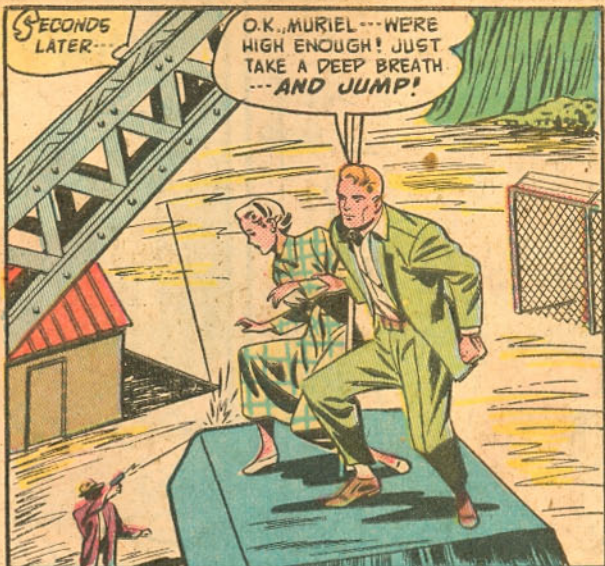
Then...AS THE CABLE RISES...

LET'S GO, SWEETHEART!

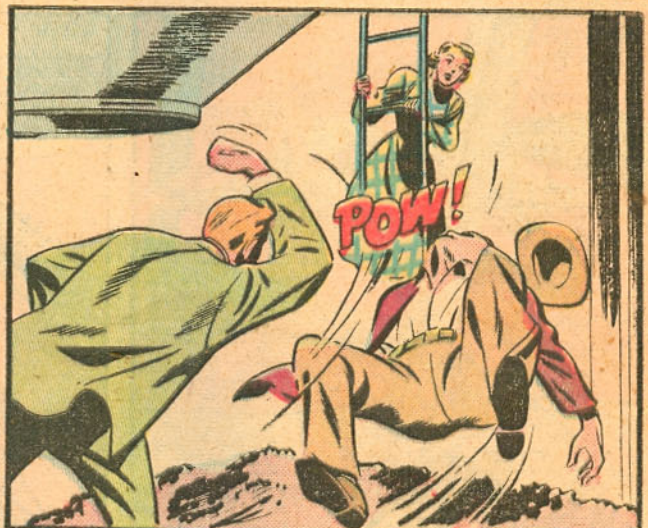
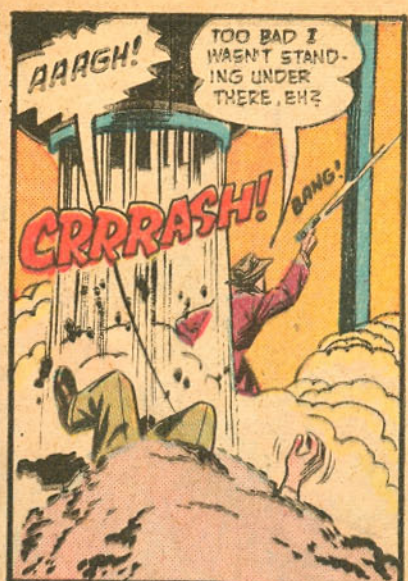
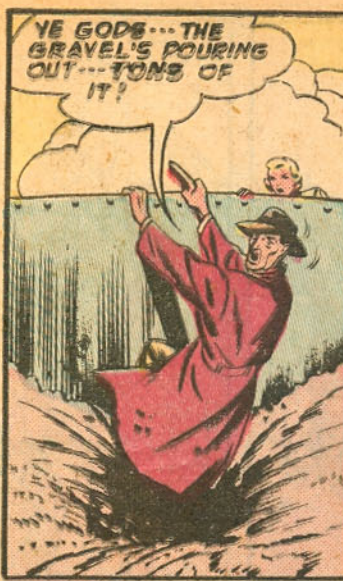
FOOL...YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF A PERFECT TARGET!













# The PRAYING SPY

**T**HE SETTLERS OF NEW ENGLAND IN 1675 WERE FILLED WITH HATRED AGAINST ALL INDIANS, BECAUSE OF MURDERS COMMITTED BY A FEW -- AND THE AROUSED MILITIAMEN WOULD EVEN ROUND UP INNOCENT, CONVERTED INDIANS IN THEIR THIRST FOR REVENGE!

WHY, THAT'S JOB KATTENANIT--  
ONE OF THE PRAYING INDIANS!

HE'S BEEN CONVERTED  
TO OUR RELIGION ---  
HE COULDN'T  
HAVE DONE  
ANYTHING  
WRONG!



ONE OF THOSE WHO COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT  
JOB WAS A MURDERER WAS CAPTAIN JOHN  
GOOKIN, THE MAGISTRATE OF BOSTON...

THERE'S NO EVIDENCE OF YOUR HAVING  
COMMITTED A CRIME --- BUT FOR YOUR  
SAFETY, I'M GOING TO CONFINED YOU WITH  
THE REST OF THE PRAYING INDIANS ON  
DEER ISLAND, IN BOSTON HARBOR --- AT  
LEAST UNTIL THIS INDIAN  
TROUBLE DIES DOWN!

CAPTAIN IS  
FRIEND OF  
INDIANS ---  
JOB DO WHAT  
CAPTAIN  
SAYS!

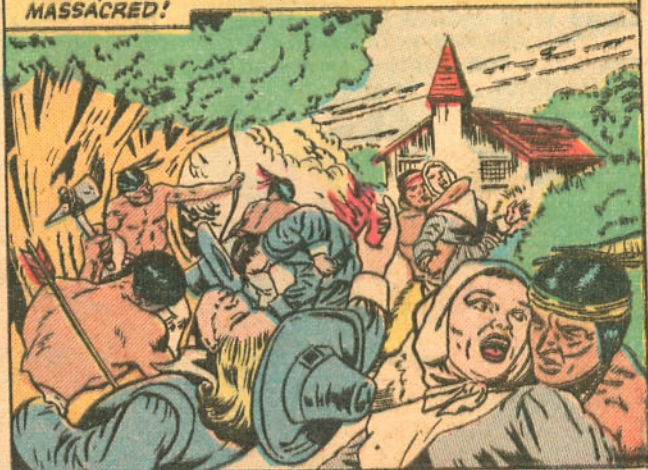


BUT THERE WAS LITTLE CHANCE THE  
INDIAN TROUBLE WOULD DIE DOWN -- AS  
LONG AS KING PHILIP, THE INDIAN CHIEF-  
TAIN, WAS STILL ALIVE TO AROUSE HIS  
SAVAGES TO A FRENZY OF HATRED  
AGAINST THE WHITES!

KILL THE WHITE  
SETTLERS --- KILL ---  
KILL!



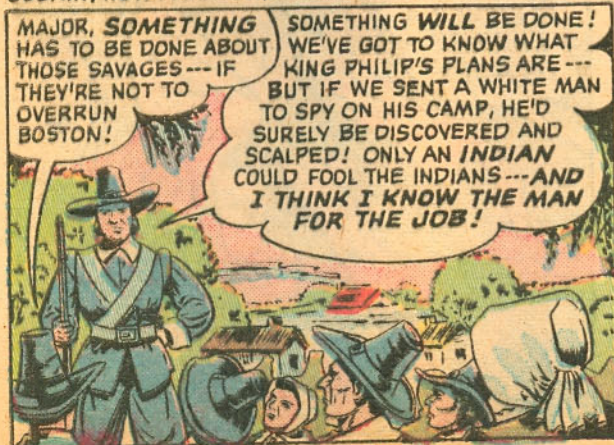
THE INFLAMED INDIANS PREPARED AN AMBUSH AGAINST  
THE CHURCH-GOING SETTLERS ON SUNDAY, JULY 4, 1675  
--- AND, CAUGHT BY SURPRISE, THE WHITES WERE  
MASSACRED!



THIS WAS THE SIGNAL FOR THE OPENING OF KING  
PHILIP'S WAR --- A BATTLE THAT BROKE OUT ON A  
300-MILE FRONT AND REACHED THE VERY OUTSKIRTS  
OF BOSTON ITSELF! IT WAS THEN THAT MAGISTRATE  
GOOKIN, NOW A MAJOR, DECIDED ON A BOLD STEP!

MAJOR, SOMETHING  
HAS TO BE DONE ABOUT  
THOSE SAVAGES --- IF  
THEY'RE NOT TO  
OVERRUN  
BOSTON!

SOMETHING WILL BE DONE!  
WE'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT  
KING PHILIP'S PLANS ARE ---  
BUT IF WE SENT A WHITE MAN  
TO SPY ON HIS CAMP, HE'D  
SURELY BE DISCOVERED AND  
SCALPED! ONLY AN INDIAN  
COULD FOOL THE INDIANS --- AND  
I THINK I KNOW THE MAN  
FOR THE JOB!



MAJOR GOOKIN VISITED THE INTERNED PRAYING  
INDIANS ON DEER ISLAND, EXPLAINED WHAT  
HE WANTED, AND CALLED FOR A VOLUNTEER!

WHOEVER AGREES TO GO INTO THE CAMP OF  
KING PHILIP WILL SECURE THE RELEASE OF  
ALL THE PRAYING INDIANS, AND WILL GAIN  
THE UNDYING FRIENDSHIP  
OF THE WHITES!

I GO --- FOR  
PALEFACE  
FRIENDS!





**J**OB WAS SECRETLY SET FREE, AND HE DELIBERATELY MADE THE LONG JOURNEY FROM BOSTON TO KING PHILIP'S CAMP THROUGH ALL THE WOODS AND THICKETS HE COULD FIND --- SO THAT HE WOULD HAVE THE GENUINE APPEARANCE OF A FUGITIVE WHEN HE FINALLY GOT THERE!

**FOOD... FOOD...!**

**QUICKLY --- BRING HIM MEAT! PERHAPS HE BRINGS NEWS FOR US!**



**BUT JOB INSISTED ON TELLING HIS STORY ONLY TO THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE --- AND WAS FINALLY BROUGHT BEFORE PHILIP HIMSELF!**

**I HAVE ESCAPED FROM A PALEFACE PRISON--- AND I COME TO GREAT CHIEF PHILIP FOR PROTECTION! I HAVE KILLED MANY PALEFACES IN MY ESCAPE ---AND I WISH TO JOIN YOU AND KILL MORE!**

**WELL SPOKEN--- YOU HAVE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE! YOU SHALL BE PROVIDED WITH WEAPONS --- AND SOON YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR CHANCE TO KILL HUNDREDS OF PALEFACES!**



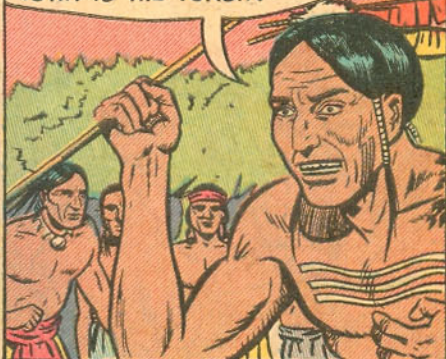
**JOB WAS GIVEN THE FREEDOM OF THE CAMP, AND WANDERED AROUND, OBSERVING ALL THE PREPARATIONS FOR WAR!**

**CLUBS WITH JAGGED TEETH... JAVELINS... LANCES... ARROWS --- TRULY PHILIP PREPARES FOR A GREAT MASSACRE!**



**AND FINALLY... HEAR ME, O MIGHTY**

**WARRIORS! AT THE RISE OF THE FULL MOON, WE SHALL FALL UPON THE PALEFACE TOWN OF LANCASTER --- DESTROYING THE WHITES AND SETTING THE TOWN TO THE TORCH!**



**I MUST STEAL AWAY... WARN THE PALEFACES!**

**EVEN OUR NEWEST WARRIOR, BLOODTHIRSTY JOB, WILL HAVE HIS FILL OF KILLINGS AND SCALPS! DID I NOT PROMISE YOU THAT, JOB? --- JOB! WHERE IS JOB?**



**LOOK --- HE FLEES!**

**AFTER HIM --- QUICKLY --- HE IS EITHER A COWARD OR A SPY!**





JUST WHEN THE FLEET-FOOTED JOB WAS BEGINNING TO THINK HE HAD OUTRUN HIS PURSUERS...

AN ARROW? HOW CLOSE CAN THEY BE BEHIND ME?



BUT AS JOB TURNED TO GLANCE AT HIS PURSUERS...

I AM HIT—BUT I FEEL NO PAIN! THE ARROW MUST HAVE STRUCK THE METAL CHARM THAT I WEAR!



JOB THOUGHT QUICKLY—AND REALIZED THAT TO KEEP ON RUNNING WOULD ONLY RESULT IN MORE ARROWS! STAGGERING LIKE A MORTALLY-WOUNDED MAN, HE FELL FLAT ON HIS BACK!

LOOK—THE ARROW HAS SUNK IN HIS HEART—HE IS DEAD!

LET US BRING THE GOOD NEWS TO OUR CHIEF!



AS SOON AS THE SAVAGES HAD LEFT, JOB RESUMED HIS FLIGHT THROUGH THE WILDERNESS AT TOP SPEED, NEVER PAUSING UNTIL HE ALMOST COLLAPSED ON THE DOORSTEP OF MAJOR GOODKIN'S HOME!

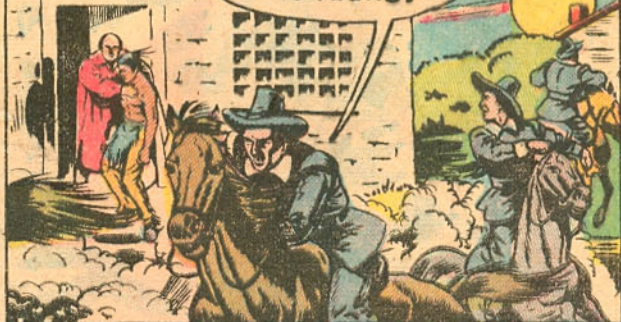
JOB... YOU!

QUICKLY... WARN PALEFACES! PHILIP ATTACKS... LANCASTER ... AT RISE OF FULL MOON!



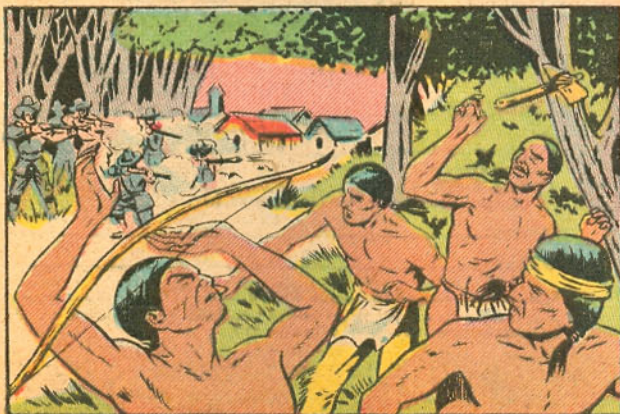
HIS MESSAGE GIVEN, JOB COLLAPSED FROM EXHAUSTION—BUT MAJOR GOODKIN INSTANTLY SENT OUT FAST RIDERS TO ALL THE NEARBY TOWNS, SPREADING THE WORD OF THE IMPENDING ATTACK AND CALLING FOR ALL POSSIBLE AID FOR THE ENDANGERED TOWN OF LANCASTER!

THE INDIANS ARE ATTACKING... TO ARMS!



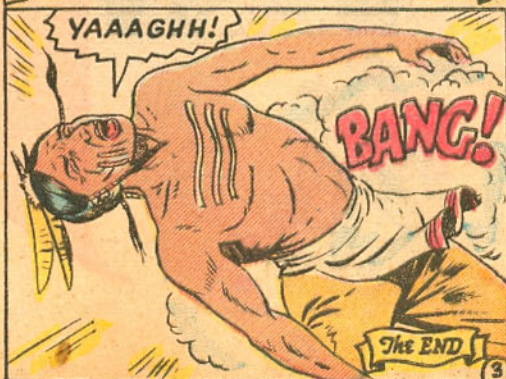
WITHIN A MATTER OF HOURS, TROOPS WERE MARCHING TOWARDS LANCASTER—AND WHEN KING PHILIP'S SAVAGES FINALLY ATTACKED, THEY WERE MET WITH A HAIL OF BULLETS THAT PUT THEM UTTERLY TO ROUT! THANKS TO JOB, THE PRAYING INDIAN SPY, LANCASTER WAS SAVED AND A WHOLESOME MASSACRE WAS AVERTED!

THE FIASCO AT LANCASTER WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR SAVAGE KING PHILIP! DRIVEN BY THE AROUSED WHITES FROM ONE HIDEOUT TO ANOTHER, HE WAS FINALLY KILLED AT MOUNT HOPE, RHODE ISLAND, ON AUGUST 12, 1676!



YAAAGHH!

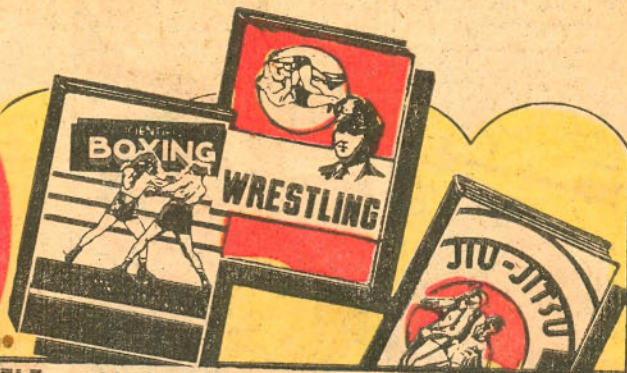
BANG!



THE END



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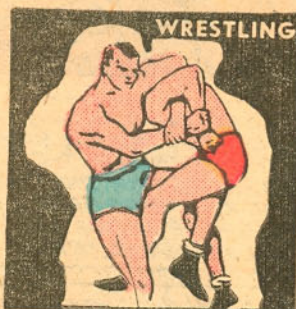
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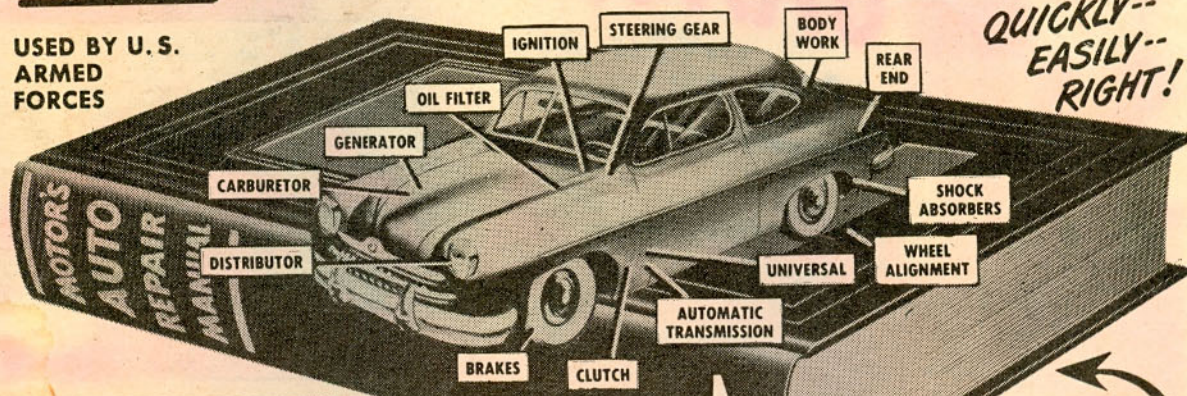
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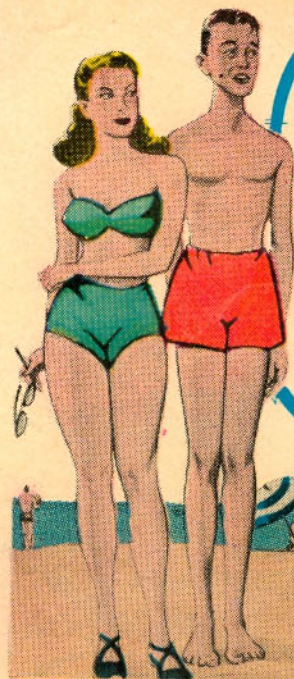
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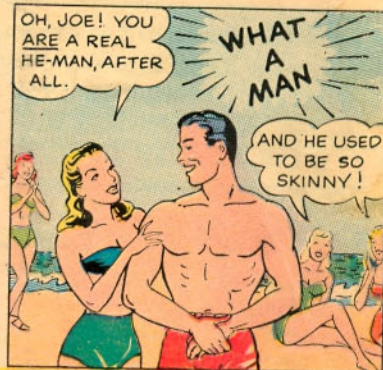
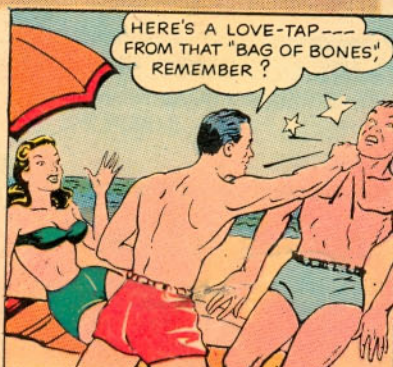
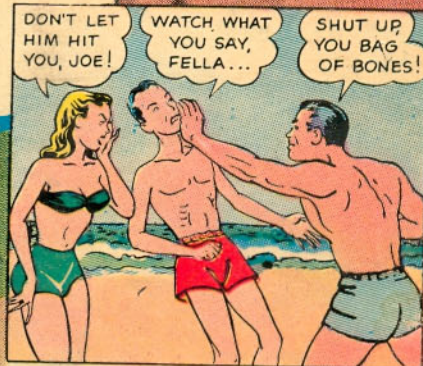
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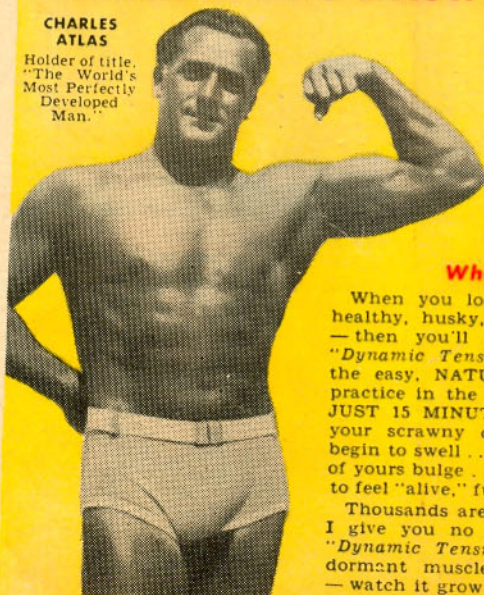
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